

WE' RE NOT IN GREECE ANYMORE: AN
ANTIGONE STORY

Kate George

Cast of Characters

TIGGY: Antigone

IZZY: Ismene

PETER: Polyneices

HARRY: Haemon

Setting

A graveyard in an average Midwestern American town.

Time

Modern day.

Notes

Triggers: Death, Violence, mentions of Suicide and Incest.

We're Not in Greece Anymore: An Antigone Story

(Setting: A graveyard.)

(AT RISE: *There is a graveyard scattered with tombstones with a large pillar at Center stage, a gold plaque sitting there proudly. TIGGY enters to stage Left, and IZZY enters stage right. IZZY stands by the plaque, reading the inscription intently, and taking out a piece of paper and pencil to trace it. TIBBY leans on the other side of the pillar, twirling a butterfly knife in her fingers.*)

TIGGY

You know that's bad for gravestones, right? It'll scratch the bronze.

IZZY

(Startled.)

Fuck, Tiggy! The hell are you doing here?!

TIGGY

What do you think I'm doing here?

IZZY

(Beat.)

I'm sorry. I should have known.

TIGGY

It's the same reason you're here. Remembrance, honor to the ancestors...bla, bla, bla...

IZZY

I want Eric's name on my binder. It wouldn't be the same if it was just...

TIGGY

Screw Eric.

IZZY

The hell, Tigs?

TIGGY

Screw him! Why should he be on that plaque, huh? Why should he be there if Peter..

IZZY

We don't talk about Peter.

TIGGY

Why the fuck not, Iz? He went out there and fought, same as Eric..

(PETER rises from behind a gravestone, his face pale and eyes black and hollow. He wears a tattered military uniform with a bullet wound through his side.)

IZZY

He killed a soldier in the line of duty!

TIGGY

He is still one of our own. He deserves to be on this plaque just as much as our other ancestors.

PETER

(Droaning, somber. He hobbles Downstage)
Antigone. Help me.

(TIGGY turns towards him, unphased. IZZY freezes in horror, letting out a shrill scream. TIGGY helps him sit on top of another gravestone.)

IZZY

What in Hades' name?

TIGGY

This is what happens when the dead are left unburied. He is stuck here because he was left unburied, unhonored.

IZZY

What the fuck are you doing, Tigs? Kill it! Kill it!

TIGGY

If we kill him right now, he'll just keep coming back.

IZZY

You're insane! You're on your own, Tigs. The fucker deserves everything he gets.

TIGGY

Fine then. Leave.

(IZZY stands staring towards TIGGY for a moment, conflicted. She leaves. TIGGY sits down on the grave next to him, shaking her head.)

TIGGY

I'm sorry, Peter. You deserve better than this. We will pray to Zeus, Hera, even the tyrant Christ if we have to.

(She pauses, seeing Peter shrink away at the mention of Christ.)

PETER

The god who destroyed our way of life, converted many brothers and sisters of Greece, for the sake of dominion? I want no help from him.

TIGGY

We may have to. Faking devotion to religion is one of the easiest things to do on paper, but it's the hardest in practice. Our pride mustn't get in the way of your passage to Hades.

PETER

Will it be worth it to forsake our ancestors, our family legacy,
for my sake?

(TIGGY pauses, deep in thought and conflicted. HARRY enters Left, hobbling with a drink in hand, downing the entire bottle. He leans on a gravestone, watching TIGGY from afar, unaware of PETER. She looks at her butterfly knife in a sudden stroke of genius, and heads towards the bronze plaque.)

TIGGY

There will be no forsaking of the gods tonight.

PETER

What are you doing?

TIGGY

Putting your name where it belongs.

(She uses her knife to carve PETER's name onto the plaque on top of where Eric's name would be. PETER waits, looking down below at the ground as he falls over, at rest again. HARRY walks up from behind her and wrapped her in an unwilling, tight embrace. She struggles against him.)

HARRY

Antigone, my darling! You are a shining light of beauty that
would make the moon cower away in the darkness.

TIGGY

(Breaks away. Sneers.)

I can smell whiskey on your breath. It's disgusting.

HARRY

Is that any way to talk to your husband-to-be, my sweet?

TIGGY

You will never be my husband. We are not in Greece anymore.

HARRY

It is fated, written in the stars...

TIGGY

The Fates have no power here. The Tyrant Lord has seen to that.

HARRY

(Hysterical.)

I **killed myself** for you! Does that not deserve me the right to claim you as my own?

TIGGY

(Cold.)

No. Not in this day and age. If I were to be with anyone, it wouldn't be my cousin.

HARRY

That hardly matters!

TIGGY

I will not continue my family's legacy. I would rather be dead.

HARRY

Allow me to oblige then.

(He attempts to grab her, but TIGGY takes the knife in her grip and stabs him in the side before he could. He falls over, holding his side. She kneels down to his level, staring intensely at his pathetic form.)

TIGGY

You don't listen too well, do you? I said I would rather be dead, not that I want to be. I no longer wish to be in Hades' realm with my kin, for I have a purpose here. I am freer than I

ever could be in Greece. You were my ticket to a cozy life of simplicity, to carry out what was expected of me. No longer.

HARRY

What is there for you out there? What purpose would you serve? My father was right. You are just a wicked woman, a witch.

TIGGY

He said that? How lovely.

HARRY

You take that with such grace. Your exposure to this era has corrupted you.

TIGGY

It told me the truth. We are on the same level, we are both human.

HARRY

(Beat. Softens his disposition as he says;) Why can't we go back to the way things used to be? Where we had places, purpose, proper faith in the proper gods? We could have been happy.

TIGGY

Happiness from ignorance is not true happiness. If you hate this world so much, let it go. Leave this place.

HARRY

Not without you.

TIGGY

When you die, you will die alone.

(She stabs him again, but through the chest. HARRY doesn't fight it, too weak. Life leaves his eyes.)

You will have peace now.

(She stands up, looking to PETER still dead on the floor, then to HARRY freshly dead.)

You both will.

(She drags PETER behind the stone from which he emerged from, likely his place of rest. Police sirens are heard, and red, white, and blue police lights flicker in the distance. She lifts her hands slowly, walking from behind the grave to Center. She takes a pair of handcuffs from her belt, and cuffs her own wrists, walking slowly Downstage, ready to be judged and tried.)

(END OF PLAY)